

dear edd

by kleiol

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Summary: And he takes a chance, and looks back at where Kevin sits two, three tables behind him, like a king upon a throne, and he's staring intently at him, and Edd's still utterly confused. But his heart twinges, and it doesn't feel like a prank. In the end, though, he disregards it. He wishes he hadn't. oneshot.

mystery/supernatural/science-fiction/romance

dear edd

\_ d\_ear edd,

-kleiol

\* \* \*

><p>Eddward;s eyes dart upwards, to see if his two best friends notice his falter when he opened his lunchbox. They don't, of course, they are too busy off in their own world. Ed in the catastrophe that is his lunch, and Eddy watching him with mild disgust and a bit of awe; it's Friday, and they have the option of pizza and whatever is in line 2. Ed gets both, and produces this concoction akin to a car wreck: a beautiful nightmare.</p>

So Double D looks back down to his lunchbox, his hands shaking as he releases his grip on its sides to take out it's contents. He doesn't want to, but he's sure if he doesn't do something he'll start screaming or crying; lose his composure in the middle of a lunchroom with bloodthirsty teens. He can already feel eyes on him, prying to see why he's not acting as eccentric as he usually is.

He' deluding himself, of course. They don't care, they're all to wrapped up in their own conversations, it's okay, he's fine, he's okay.

It's normal, what's in his lunchbox, his usual nutrition-packed ensemble of a sandwich, some fruit-grapes, an apple, things he

usually took a bite or two out of- some carrots- the same-, and a bottle of water, which he carried around on his person occasionally.

His heart clenches-and a shiver of a fear stripes through him. Among it all, it sits there, like a tiger in a zebra convention-

A note.

It's fairly normal in society for someone who prepared your lunch to leave a note of some kind in your lunchbox, but \_he \_prepares his own lunch. There's no feasible reason for him to leave himself a note-

Maybe he was approaching this incorrectly-his initial reaction is one of fear rather than curiosity, which colors him blue, blindsides him, like something large coming quickly at him from his peripheral-

The note says:

Dear Edd,

In a chicken scrawl that makes his heart \_ache\_ and tears peaking their way from behind his ducts, because it's so \_achingly familiar \_and he \_doesn't know why. \_

And that startles him.

I'm sorry, I know you're probably scared out of your pretty little mind right now, but I didn't know how else to get this to you. I've been given a chance, and I'm taking that chance. Something happens today, something that will change both of our lives. I just want to say, before it all begins and ends, that I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, and I never have, and never will be more sorry for anything in my life.

I love you, Edd.

Kevin x

It's a prank, he thinks immediately after finishing. It has to be, there's no other explanation for something this absurd to be in his lunchbox, but there are so many variables that don't add up

He can't-

He doesn't seem to-

How-

And he takes a chance, and looks back at where Kevin sits two, three tables behind him, like a king upon a throne, and he's staring intently at him, and Edd's still utterly confused

But his heart twinges, and it doesn't feel like a prank.

In the end, though, he disregards it.

He wishes he hadn't.

\* \* \*

><p>Notes: It's a bit confusing, but that's the intent. Mostly everything can be explained, except for one. Also posted on AO3. Send me prompts on my tumblr: destiia; will continue if requested!</p>

End  
file.